

single statement, uncontradicted, is sufficient to induce belief.

A man at the "mourner's bench" who is crushed with grief and almost in a swoon from excitement, is told to give up everything and the "altar will sanctify the gift." Finally he is told that he is saved; that with the mouth confession is made unto salvation, and that he must testify to it. And as a drowning man will grapple at a straw so this man will attempt to act upon the suggestions offered him, which will induce belief in the change which he has been expecting.

His ardent desire and expectation causes belief to form rapidly in the mind,—the change in his feelings is produced, and he is "born again;" but not of God. It is "By the will of man." John 1:13.

May God save the Brethren church from this man of sin. These people admit that the Bible is all a mystery to them but they can not see what makes it so. Their "conscience is seared" to all religious truths except such as concur with the particular creed to which they are converted. When they read the words of Jesus: "Except a man be born of water and the Spirit he can not enter into the kingdom of God;" they will not say plainly that they know more about the conditions of entering that kingdom than Jesus does, but they will say something which amounts to about the same thing. They will say: "We have been born of the Spirit and are already in the kingdom of God, therefore we do not have to be 'Born of water' in order to get into it." Or when the Spirit says: "Repent ye, and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ unto the remission of your sins; and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost." Acts 2:38 They will say: We have already received the gift of the Spirit and have repented of our sins and consequently we need not be "baptized unto the remission of our sins," because our sins are already remitted.

Again when the Spirit says, "Buried with him in baptism, wherein ye were also raised with him thru faith in the working of God, who raised him from the dead," Col. 2:12. They will say: We are in Christ and are new creatures and therefore do not have to be "buried with him in baptism," that we may rise with him thru faith in the working of God. Thus we see that they are so blinded by this Hadeism that the voice of the Spirit is to them "As sounding brass, or a clanging cymbal." "Nevertheless the foundation of God standeth sure, having this seal, the Lord knoweth them that are his," *Paul*. Thank God for a church which has the statement of Jeherah for every tenet of faith we hold.

Many will say I know this, and I know that, as Corah of old, but no one can know he is saved until he has obeyed from the heart that form of doctrine given unto him; and then he may bask in the sunshine of God's love and with joy draw water out of the wells of salvation.

Then he will not be shaken by every wind of doctrine, because he knows in whom he

has believed, and rejoices in hope of eternal life, while he stands upon the Rock of Ages.
Brooklyn, Iowa.

Home Circle

Her Second Thought

"You pretty apple-blossoms,
Why do you fly away
Just when the spring is sweetest?
We want you all to stay.
There's not a single flower
More beautiful than you,
O stay, because we love you,
The whole long summer thru.
The apple-blossoms whispered,
Still sending down a shower:
"You darling little maiden,
We've bloomed our springtime hour.
If we too long should linger,
Our boughs would never hold
For all the little children
Big apples, red and gold."
The little maiden pondered
As, pink and pearly white,
Came showering the petals
Upon her ringlets bright;
She laughed, and shook them lightly,
And then looked up to say:
"You sweetest apple-blossoms,
Be quick and fly away."

Sydney Dayre.

A Sweet Temper

Selected.

It is lovely to see in all those with whom we mingle and have daily intercourse a patient, quiet disposition, not ruffled with all the little annoyances occurring in everyday life, but ever striving to conquer them by pure thoughts and kind words. Often when these angry feelings are aroused within us, if we would only check them at once, how soon would smiles brighten our faces, and not only bring joy to our own souls, but cast a ray of sunshine on those around us. Let us cultivate gentleness.

What is more beautiful in a household than loving forbearance with all our crosses? It not only smooths our pathway, which is often very thorny, but our dear Saviour, who takes notice of all our lives, is pleased to see in us this tenderness with which he himself is our model in this respect. Kindness can be practiced by every one, under all circumstances, as it costs nothing.

Heart and Head

Forward.

It takes heart and brains both to be considerate. Thoughtfulness must go hand in hand with love to make this kindest of virtues possible. The story is told of Mrs. Kruger, wife of the Transvaal president, that, when a bronze statue of her husband in his ordinary citizen's clothes was being designed, she asked the sculptor to make the top of the familiar tall hat hollow, so that after rain the birds might be able to drink out of it. This was done, and now, after a welcome shower, a little cloud of birds may be seen fluttering round the Kruger statue, drinking and bathing in the crown of the hat.

None but a thoughtful, as well as loving heart, could have suggested such a beautiful

provision. When love makes us thoughtful for others, or for any of God's creatures, then we have become considerate. Considerateness is the flowering of love, first into understanding, and then into wise helpfulness. Without this added element of thoughtfulness, love is only an empty emotion. Do we think and plan for the good of others, as well as tenderly and longingly desire it? Then, and not until then, do we become considerate in our devotion to them. Heart without head is good so far as it goes, but, after all, it doesn't go very far. It is a sterile kind of devotion. What we should seek to give is that fruitful love which blossoms into thoughtful kindness and wise ministry.

The Truest Art

Forward.

In one of our largest cities, recently, there was a photographer who gained custom by the beauty of his pictures, and one young girl was very anxious that her mother should have a photograph taken by him.

"I want the very best picture of you mother, dear," she said; "and you must come and look at his window, and see what lovely photographs he takes."

They went down together and examined the photographs; but the mother shook her head. "No, Dorothy, I would rather not sit to him, I think."

"Why, mother! Such lovely pictures, so graceful, so artistic! I am sure it would be a picture that father and the boys would love to have."

Her mother only smiled. "That is just it, Dorothy. Look at each picture here in the window. Is there a single one among them all, artistic as they are, that is not sad looking? I would not want you, or your father, or the boys, to have a pensive, melancholy picture to remember me by. Just look at this one of Mrs. C——. It is graceful, but would you really want it if you were her daughter?"

But Mrs. C—— often looks sad, and so do you, mother," said Dorothy.

"I want you to forget it, then, and only remember when you look at my picture that I had many, many happy hours," said her mother. "Besides, more than that, Dorothy, I don't believe your photographer is a true artist, or he would catch the joy, the light, of some faces, instead of bringing out the sadness. I will wait for a more really artistic photographer before I have my picture taken."

Was she not right? Is it not the highest gift to see the hope, the joy, the cheer, of life, and to make shadow subordinate to light, in photograph or in the daily experiences? The dark side is not the truest side; it exists, but the most artistic photographer, the highest sage, is he who sees the brightness first and always, and helps others to see it, too.

Carried Thru

Lina Orman Cooper.

"How ever shall we get across?" Such were the words I heard one day as I sat under a big walnut tree near a stream. "The ford